



BATMAN

No. 127

SEPT.

Ten Cents

A SUPERMAN
DC PUBLICATION
IND

Detective COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

A THRILLING
BATMAN and ROBIN
STORY
"PIGMIES in
GIANTLAND"



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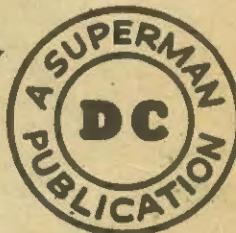
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SUPERMAN
WONDER WOMAN
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

TW

is for

WOODCHUCK,

WHO LIVES IN A
HOLE-IN-THE-GROUND,
HE ROAMS O'ER THE
MEADOWLANDS FREELY—
EXCEPT WHEN THE DOGS
ARE AROUND!
THEN HE DASHES STRAIGHT
INTO HIS SHELTER,
AND WITH MANY A
CHUCKLE AND CHORTLE,
HE READS ALL THE BOOKS
WITH THIS SYMBOL
WHILE THE HOUNDS BARK IN
VAIN AT HIS PORTAL!



—ON THE COVER OF
WORLD'S FINEST
COMICS
FOR EXAMPLE!
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST
IN ANY COMIC
MAGAZINE!



BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

THE BOY WONDER -

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BOB
KANE



A MAN'S SIZE ISN'T IMPORTANT -
BUT COULD EVEN BATMAN
CARRY ON HIS WHIRLWIND WAR
AGAINST CRIME IF HE AND ROBIN
WERE ONLY A FOOT HIGH? FANTASTIC AS IT SEEMS, THAT'S THE
INCREDIBLE SITUATION INTO
WHICH THE TWO CRIME-CRUSHERS
ARE PLUNGED! AND WIT AND
SKILL HAVE TO REPLACE STRENGTH
AND SIZE WHEN A CRIMINAL SCI-
ENTIFIC GENIUS TRANSFORMS THE
DYNAMIC DUO INTO TWO ...

PIGMIES in GIANTLAND!



A FEW WEALTHY MEN ATTEND AN INVENTOR'S DEMONSTRATION—THE PROLOGUE TO A WILD ADVENTURE, ONLY THEY DON'T KNOW IT!



EVEN BRUCE WAYNE, THAT "BORED" SOCIALITE, SHOWS INTEREST!

I MEAN THAT I'VE INVENTED A GAS THAT SHRINKS ANYTHING TO ONE-FIFTH NORMAL SIZE OR EVEN LESS!



AS GAS HISSES INTO THE CHAMBER—



NEXT DAY, ON A LONELY BRIDLE-PATH—

IN A MOMENT,
THIS GAS-BOMB—

—WILL TEACH
MR. ROSS A
LESSON!

SOON, SHOCKING HEADLINES STARTLE
GOTHAM CITY!

Gotham Gazette
MILLIONAIRE VANISHES
HORSE FOUND SHRUNK
TO PIGMY SIZE!

COME ON,
WE'D BETTER
LOOK INTO
THIS!

QUICKLY REACHING THE SCENE—

IT'S ROSS' HORSE,
BUT A PIGMY NOW!
DR. AGAR'S SHRINK-
ING-GAS DID
THIS!

LOOKS LIKE IT,
AND YET—HEL-
LO COMMISS-
IONER!



ROSS JUST
RETURNED HOME!
AND AGAR
CASHED A
BIG CHECK
OF HIS,
TODAY!

WE'LL
INTERVIEW
ROSS!

AT ROSS' ...

AGAR MADE ME A
TINY PIGMY WITH HIS
GAS! I HAD TO PAY
HIM BEFORE HE'D
MAKE ME BIG
AGAIN!

WHERE
DID ALL THIS
HAPPEN?



I DON'T KNOW WHERE—
THE GAS KEPT ME
UNCONSCIOUS FOR
A WHILE!

PST!
MARTIN MAY
BE NEXT. WE'D
BETTER GO AS
BATMAN AND
ROBIN TO
WARN HIM!

MEANWHILE, AT MARTIN'S
YACHT—

NOW THAT
HE'S ALONE
ON HIS YACHT—



MARTIN IS GONE!
AGAR MUST HAVE
MADE HIM A
PIGMY, TOO, TO
EXTORT MONEY
FROM HIM!

WE'D
BETTER
CHECK AT
MARTIN'S
BANK!

AT THE BANK—

STAND BACK
OR I'LL USE THE
SHRINKING-GAS!

THERE
HE IS, WITH
MONEY COL-
LECTED FROM
MARTIN!



BUT AS SWIFT PURSUIT ROARS TO A CLIMAX—



LATER, ON A LONELY HILL ROAD—

THE SAME
TIRE-TREAD!
AGAR'S CAR
WAS ON
THIS ROAD!

THEN
WE'LL
SEARCH
EVERY PLACE
ALONG IT!

IT'S AGAR!
WE'VE GOT
HIM!

HAH! VISITORS!
BUT DON'T THINK
I'M NOT READY
FOR YOU!

BATMAN, I'M
PASSING OUT—
CAN'T HELP IT—

YOU'LL GET
SMALLER...AND
SMALLER... AND
SMALLER...

SOON...

THE TIRE-
TRACKS CAME
OUT OF THIS
LANE!

BUT
THE PLACE
SEEMS
DESERTED
NOW!

A LITTLE
RAT-TRAP ALL
PREPARED, AND
NOW I'LL SHRINK
YOU FROM RATS
TO MICE!

BATMAN,
HE CAN'T
MEAN—

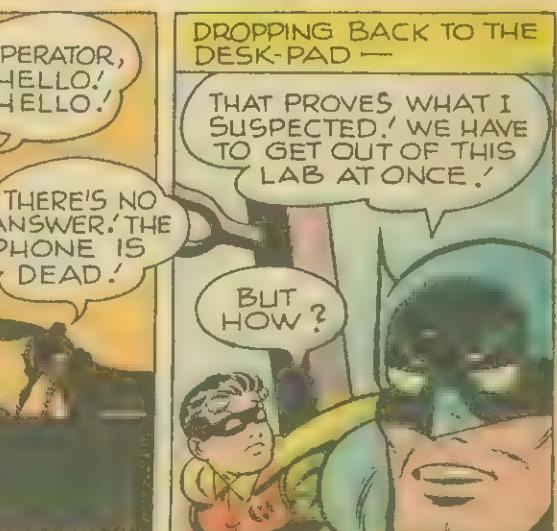
LATER, AS THE STRICKEN PAIR
EMERGES FROM UNCONSCIOUSNESS,
A TERRIBLE REALIZATION DAWNS!

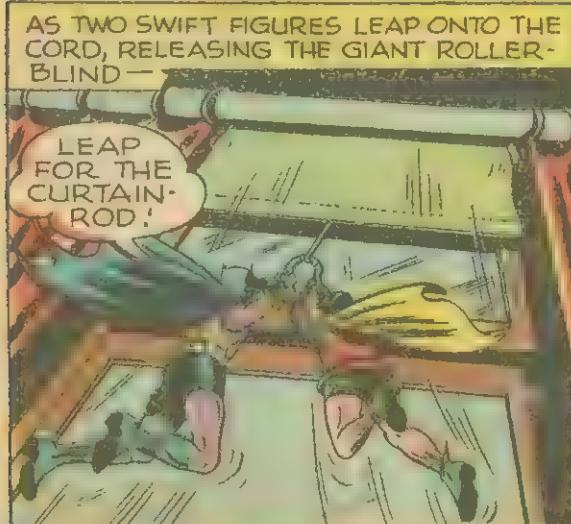
BATMAN, WE'RE
PIGMIES! WE'VE
SHRUNK!



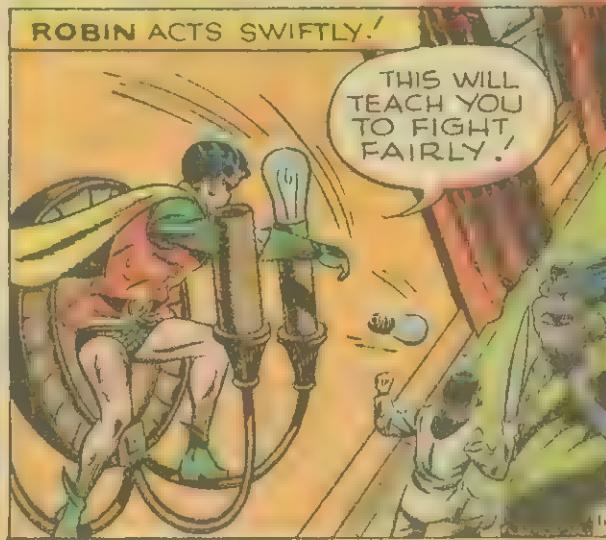
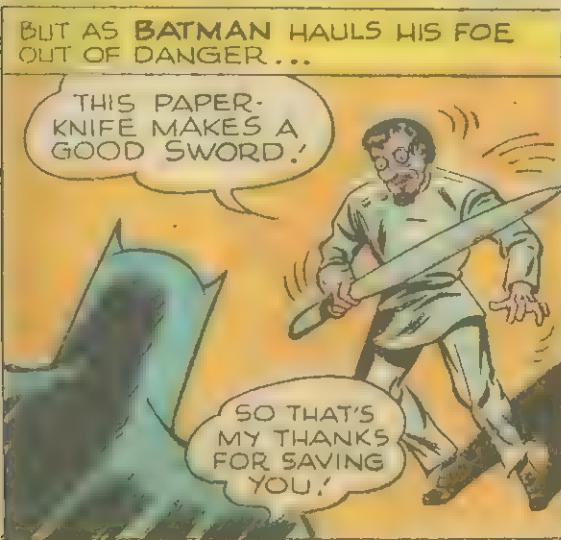
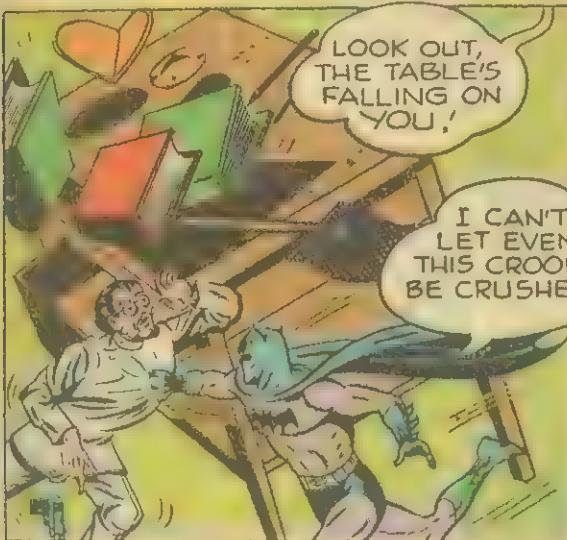
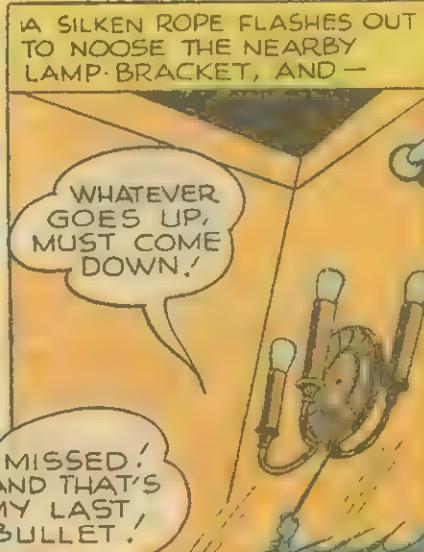
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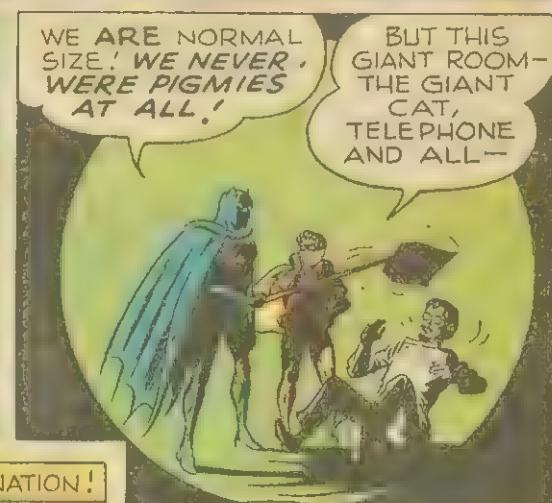




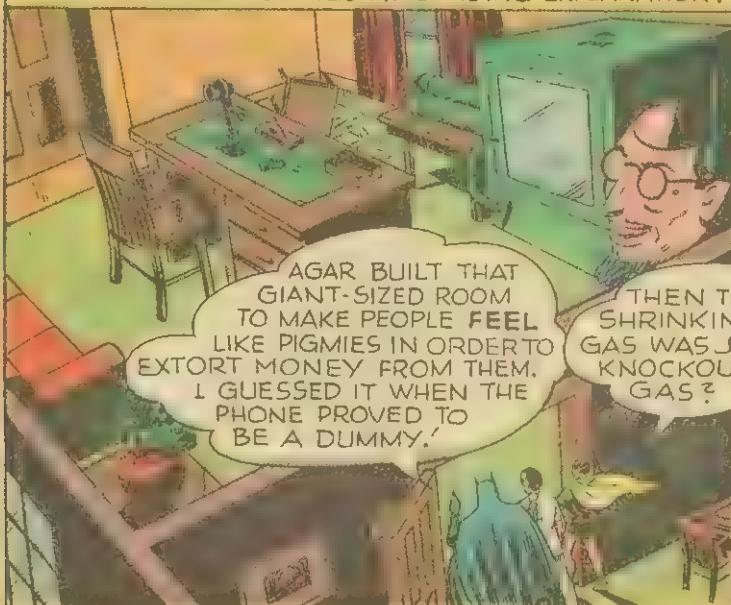


DETECTIVE COMICS





A QUICK SEARCH BRINGS ASTOUNDING EXPLANATION!



GEORGE**KUROWSKI**

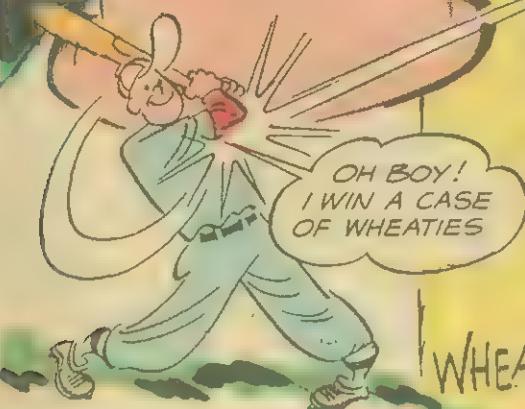
CHAMPION
THIRD BASEMAN
OF THE WORLD'S
CHAMPION
ST. LOUIS
CARDINALS

ONE FOR
KUROWSKI
THE HITTER

ONE FOR
KUROWSKI
THE FIELDER



ONE OF THE REDBIRDS' HEAVY SLUGGERS, WHITEY IS
EQUALLY FAMOUS AS A FIELDER. THE
1946 RECORD BOOKS RATE HIM "NO. 1"
AMONG REGULAR NATIONAL LEAGUE
THIRD BASEMEN



KUROWSKI HAS PLAYED 5 FULL YEARS WITH ST. LOUIS... STARRED IN 4 WORLD'S SERIES. IN HIS FIRST SERIES APPEARANCE (1942) HE CLINCHED THE CHAMPIONSHIP FOR THE CARDINALS WITH A NINTH INNING HOMER AGAINST THE NEW YORK YANKEES

"GIVE ME A BREAKFAST THAT GETS ME OFF TO A FAST START," SAYS WHITEY KUROWSKI. "THAT MEANS ONE THAT INCLUDES PLENTY OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS.' THAT'S ONE DISH I CAN COUNT ON FOR SOLID NOURISHMENT AND REAL FLAVOR"

"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

WHEATIES

WITH MILK

AND FRUIT

ZIPPY
NOURISHMENT
IN WHEATIES





It's history in
the making

AS PRIVATE
DETECTIVES
SLAM BRADLEY
AND SHORTY
MORGAN

GET IN ON THE
FILMING OF
PAUL REVERE'S
FAMOUS RIDE... AND
WHEN THUGS USE THE
SCENE TO PROMOTE
A CROOKED PLOT,
SHORTY TAKES TO THE
SADDLE IN A MAD
DASH THROUGH DAN-
GER TO GET HELP AND
SOUND THE WARNING
OF A...

"Modern
PAUL REVERE!"

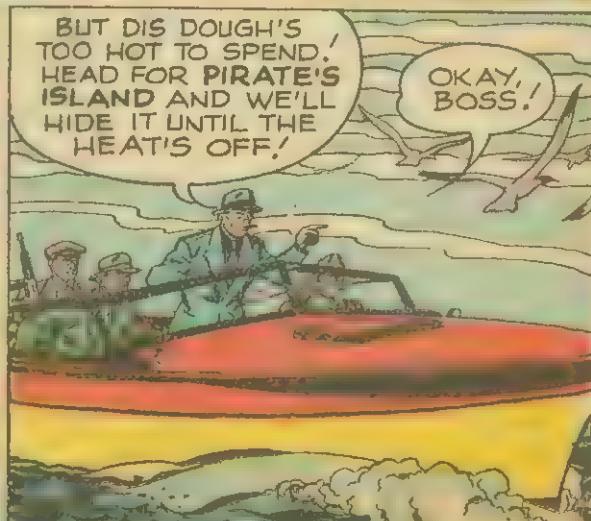
DAWN... THE NOISY CHATTER OF TOMMY GUNS... AND ONCE AGAIN CRIME IS ON THE LOOSE!

WOT A HAUL!
DAT BANK
WUZ A CINCH!

HERE'S THE
POWER BOAT
WAITIN'! JUMP
IN!

BUT DIS DOUGH'S
TOO HOT TO SPEND!
HEAD FOR PIRATE'S
ISLAND AND WE'LL
HIDE IT UNTIL THE
HEAT'S OFF!

OKAY,
BOSS!



TWO WEEKS LATER ...

YIPE!

LOOK, CHIEF!
THEY'RE USIN'
**PIRATE'S
ISLAND**
FOR A MOVIE
LOCATION!

THEY MIGHT
UNCOVER OUR
DOUGH HIDDEN
THERE! GET THE
GANG — WE'LL
STOP 'EM...

NOW, DETECTIVES SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN ENTER THE PLOT!

YES, BRADLEY, WE'VE
REPRODUCED HERE ON
PIRATE'S ISLAND THE
TERRAIN OVER WHICH
PAUL REVERE MADE
HIS FAMOUS RIDE!
THERE'S THE TOWER
WHERE THE LIGHT
SIGNALS WERE
FLASHED!

WHAT ARE
THE VALUABLES
YOU HIRED US
TO PROTECT?

**PIRATE'S
ISLAND**
SCENE OF
FILMING OF
PAUL
REVERE

WE'RE USING VALUABLE
ANTIQUE WEAPONS
IN THE MOVIE.
WE WANT YOU
TO GUARD
THEM!

HMM—SO
WE PLAY
NURSEMAID
TO SOME OLD
POP-GUNS!

LATER—

THESE OLD
CLOTHES
MAKE ME
FEEL LIKE
A SISSY!

NEVER MIND, HALF-PINT!
WE'VE GOT TO WEAR THEM
AND MINGLE WITH THE ACTORS
SO NOBODY WILL SPOT US
AS DETECTIVES!

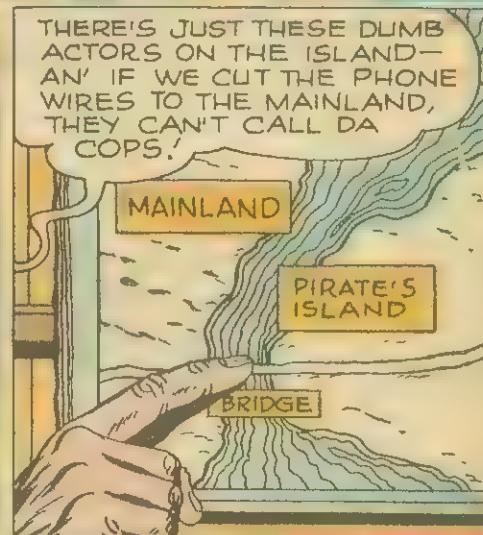
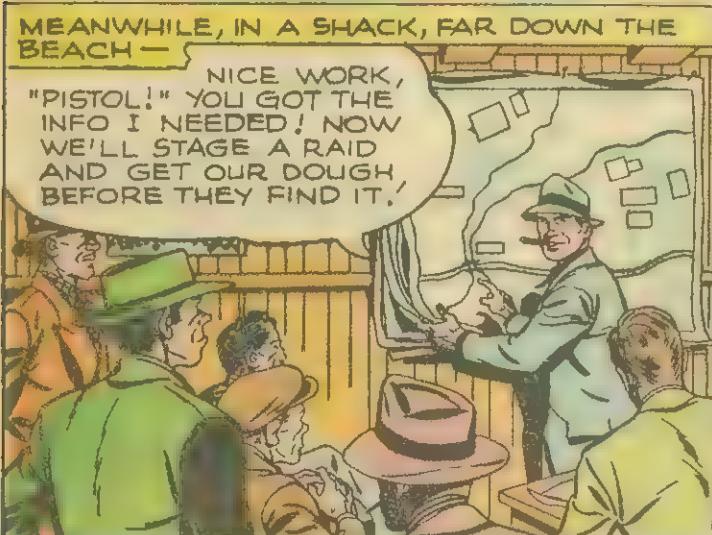
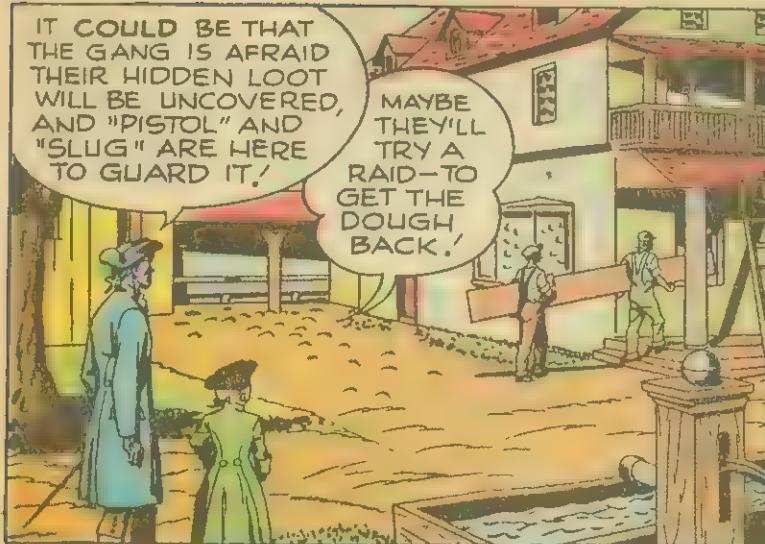
LOOK, SLAM! PIPE
THOSE GUYS! THEY'RE
NOT WORKERS — THAT'S
"PISTOL" WILSON AND
"SLUG" JONES!

YOU'RE RIGHT! AND
THEY'RE MEMBERS OF
THE GANG SUSPECTED
OF ROBBING THAT
BANK...

...THE MONEY
THEY STOLE
WAS HOT, SO
THEY PROBABLY
HID IT SOME-
WHERE...
MAYBE ON
**PIRATE'S
ISLAND**!

BOY!
WE'D GET
A NICE
REWARD
IF WE
FOUND THAT
DOUGH!

THE OLDE Galleria



DETECTIVE COMICS

A SUBSCRIPTION
TO THIS COMIC BOOK
INCLUDES A
SUBSCRIPTION
TO THE DAILY
MIRROR



ON THE VILLAGE SET, A SURPRISE FIGHT BEGINS—A FIGHT NOT IN THE SCRIPT!

HEY, YOU GUYS! WE'RE NOT READY TO FILM THE FIGHT!

HA HA! LISSEN TO 'IM! GET THEM HAM ACTORS, BOYS!



TOUCH MY LEADING LADY AND I'LL SUE!

HAW! LISSEN TO 'IM!

MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP—WE GOT THE OTHERS.



INSIDE—

WHAT GOES ON HERE?
YOU'RE RUINING MY PICTURE!

EEEEEEK!

THE PHONE WIRES ARE CUT! I HOPE SHORTY RIDES TO THE MAINLAND FOR HELP...

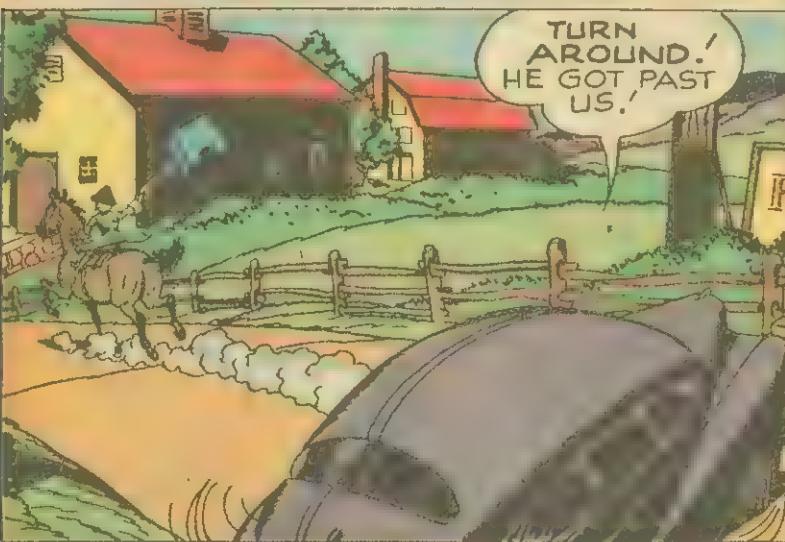
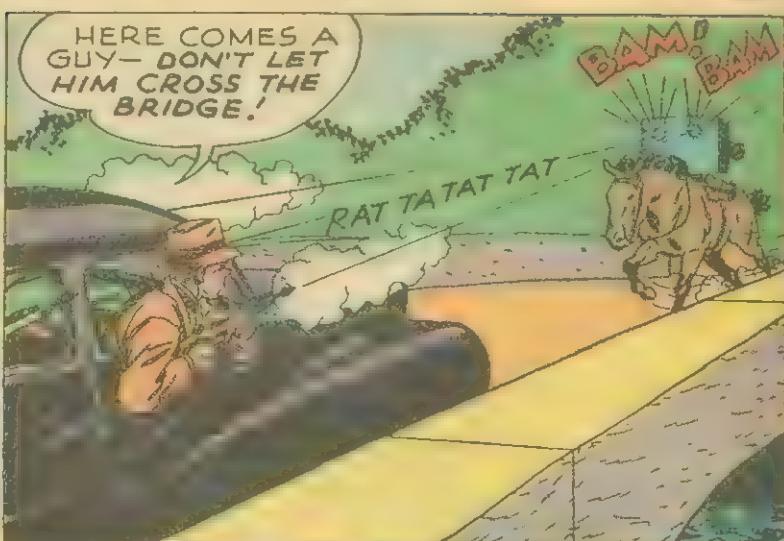
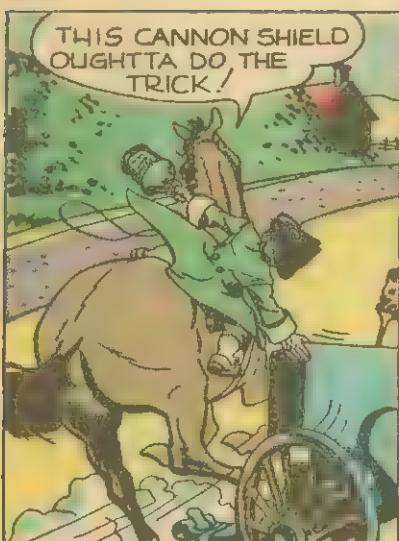


MEANWHILE, A MODERN "PAUL REVERE" RIDES MADLY, SHOUTING A WARNING AS HE GOES...

THE CROOKS ARE COMING!
OOPS! MORE OF 'EM ON THE BRIDGE!
GOT TO DO SOMETHING—FAST!

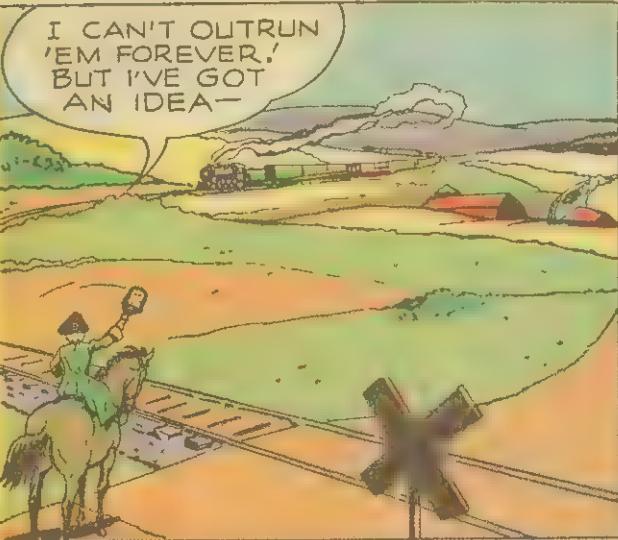


DETECTIVE COMICS





AT A RAIL-ROAD CROSSING, SHORTY PAUSES. AND THE CROOKS ARE GAINING ON HIM...



PAUL REVERE SAVED THE COUNTRY WITH A LIGHT SIGNAL! SO IT MIGHT WORK NOW—IF THE ENGINEER SEES IT!



IN THE ENGINEER'S CAB...

A SEMAPHORE SIGNAL TO SPEED UP! WELL, HERE GOES...

TOOT!
TOOT!

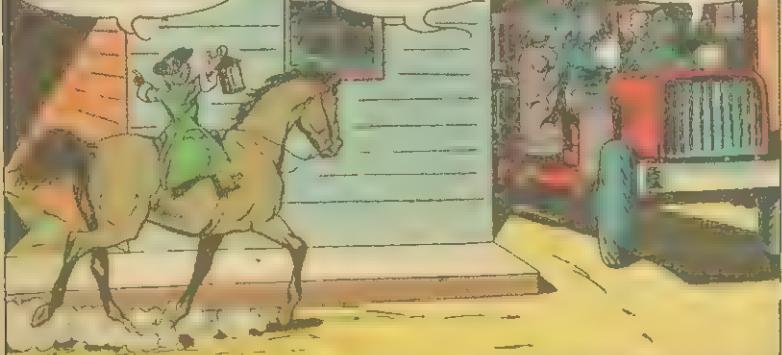


SO, SHORTY CONTINUES HIS RIDE...

BUT I TELL YA
THE CROOKS
ARE COMING!
YOU GOTTA
BELIEVE ME!

HO HO HO!
HE'S FROM THAT
MOVIE COMPANY!
TRYIN' TO KID
US...

LOOK OUT,
"PAUL REVERE!"
WE'RE HOLDING
A FIRE DRILL!

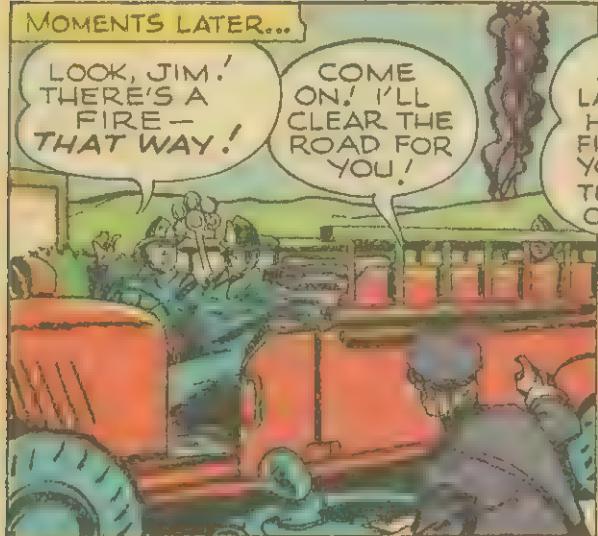


FIRE! SURE,
THAT'S IT. WHY
DIDN'T I THINK
OF IT BEFORE?
A GOOD, BIG
FIRE WILL DO
THE TRICK!



DETECTIVE COMICS

MOMENTS LATER...



SHORTLY...

I THREW MY
LANTERN IN THE
HAYSTACK SO A
FIRE WOULD GET
YOUR ATTENTION!
THERE ARE CROOKS
ON THE ISLAND!

ALL RIGHT - WE'LL
INVESTIGATE. BUT
THERE'D BETTER
BE CROOKS, BUD,
OR YOU'RE IN
A JAM!

SO, JUST AS THINGS ARE LOOKING
BLACK FOR SLAM —



AFTER THE CROOKS ARE JAILED!

WELL, THEY
FOUND THE
BANK'S MONEY,
AND WE GET'
THE \$100
REWARD

AHEM -
THANKS
TO ME,
EH?
WHAT'D
THAT GUY

PAUL REVERE
HAVE THAT
I AIN'T GOT?

SOME-
ONE
OUTSIDE
TO SEE
YOU,
SHORTY...

THAT BURNED
HAYSTACK'LL
COST YOU
\$100,
SONNY!
HAND IT
OVER!

SO YOU BURNED
DOWN THE MAN'S
HAYSTACK? A
SMART GUY, EH?
THERE GOES
OUR REWARD
MONEY!

HOW
CAN YOU
WIN?



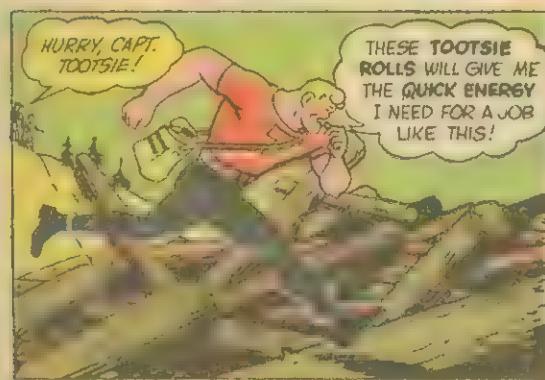
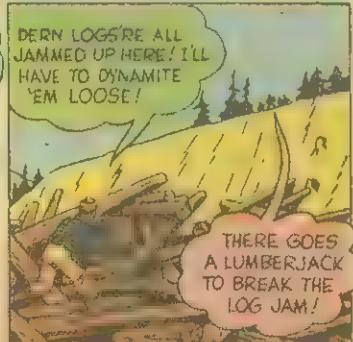
Like
DIZZY
DETECTIVES?

THEN
FOLLOW
THOSE
SILLY
SLEUTHS

DOVER
and
CLOVER

EACH
MONTH
in

FUN
COMICS



MORE EXCITING THAN FICTION

GOLLY! I'M A
SUPERMAN FAN
MYSELF, BUT SOME
OF THESE REAL HEROES
ARE SUPERMEN, TOO!

YOU'RE NOT
KIDDING! THEY
ARE SUPERMEN!
— AND A LOT OF
THAT FAST-ACTION
STUFF IS JUST LIKE
**BATMAN AND
ROBIN!**



Here's the
WORLD'S FINEST FACT MAGAZINE

ON SALE AT
ALL NEWSSTANDS!



10¢



AIR WAVE

Tomix

JIMMY SANDS, RECENTLY DISCHARGED G.I., IS JOB HUNTING...

MAN
WANTED-\$20 A WEEK-\$22 A WEEK-GOSH, FINDING A GOOD JOB IS ALMOST AS TOUGH AS FIGHTING NAZIS!

IT IS AMAZING WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH RADIO WAVES! YOU CAN SPOT A DISTANT PLANE, BROADCAST A COMEDIAN'S JOKE... AND EVEN COOK HOT DOGS... AND THAT'S NO JOKE! BUT WHEN SLICK CROOKS TRY USING RADIO TO COOK UP TROUBLE... THAT'S THE SIGNAL FOR AIR WAVE MAGICIAN OF RADIO, TO PLUNGE INTO PERIL, AND PUT THE HEAT ON BOTH...

ROGUES AND RED HOT'S

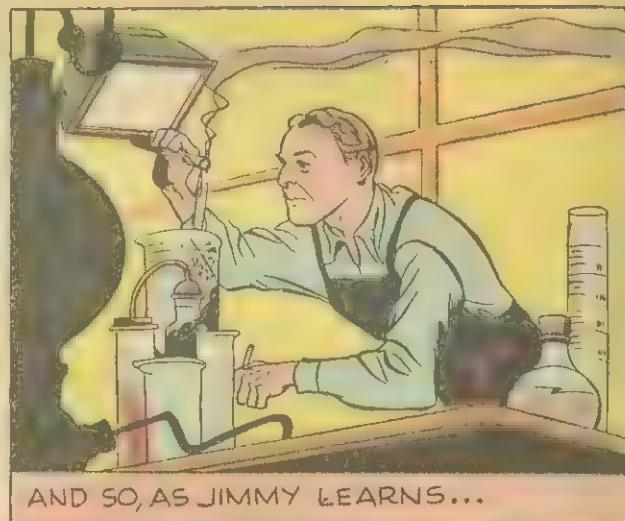
SAY, THIS LOOKS GOOD... IF I CAN GET A LOAN...

OPEN A BUSINESS!
NEW WAY
TO GET
LOT'S OF
MONEY!



AND SOON...

ALL MINE... ON A G.I.
LOAN! NOW I CAN
FULFILL ANOTHER AM-
BITION... GO TO
COLLEGE, AND
STUDY MEDICINE,
WHILE THIS
WORKS FOR ME!

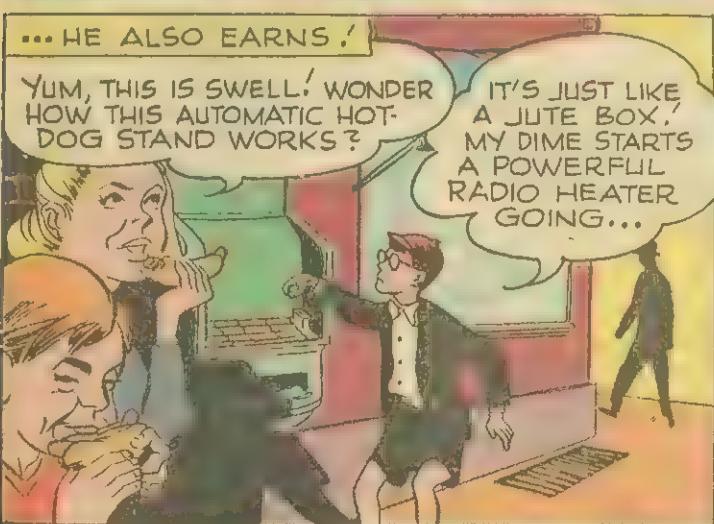


AND SO, AS JIMMY LEARNS...

...HE ALSO EARNS!

YUM, THIS IS SWELL! WONDER
HOW THIS AUTOMATIC HOT-
DOG STAND WORKS?

IT'S JUST LIKE
A JUTE BOX!
MY DIME STARTS
A POWERFUL
RADIO HEATER
GOING...



...RADIO WAVES HEAT UP
THE FRANK IN A HURRY!



BUT WHILE JIMMY IS COOKING WITH RADIO...
OTHERS PLAN TO DO SOME CROOKING WITH IT!

THE GUY THAT OWNS THAT AUTO-
MATIC HOT DOG MACHINE IS
RARELY THERE... WE CAN
SNATCH HIS RADIO GADGETS
EASY!

WHATTA WE
WANT WITH
'EM, MOOCH?



WE'LL USE THEM
TO TURN THE HEAT ON,
WHERE WE WANT IT.
I'VE GOT A JOB PLANNED...
LISTEN...



DETECTIVE COMICS

"THIS ASTORBILT HEIRESS ARRIVES TODAY... SHE TRAVELS WITH TWO BODYGUARDS... AND ENOUGH PEARLS TO CHOKE A HORSE..."

SMILE, MISS ASTORBILT!

BUT THIS
IS A SMILE!

HMM, THOSE PEARLS ARE WORTH A FORTUNE! BUT HOW ABOUT THE BODYGUARDS?

SIMPLE! THE PHOTOGRAPHER WILL TAKE CARE OF THEM!

HOW, YOU ASK? WELL, LOOK IN ON THE SCENE OF THE CRIME, WHERE SNOOP SIMMONS OF THE SUN IS ABOUT TO SHOOT A SCOOP!

NOTICE HIS CARRYING CASE! IT'S LOADED WITH FLASH-BULBS!

AND ON A NEARBY ROOFTOP...

ALL RIGHT, BOYS... WE TURN THE RADIO HEAT RAYS ON THAT PHOTOGRAPHER, AND...

...THE RAYS SET OFF THOSE BULBS IN HIS CASE!

THAT FLASH... IT BLINDED ME! HELP- I'M BLIND!

YOU'RE DUMB, TOO... I'LL TAKE THE PEARLS, LADY!

BOOM

DETECTIVE COMICS

SUDDENLY, THERE APPEARS ON THE SCENE
NONE OTHER THAN DISTRICT ATTORNEY
LARRY JORDAN, WHOSE SECRET IDENTITY
IS AIR WAVE!

I'LL HAVE
A TALK WITH MISS ASTORBILT
ABOUT HER UNPAID TAXES...
WHAT'S THAT?
THOSE MEN
ON THE
ROOF!

HELP!

A QUICK
CHANGE
IN A
NEARBY
ALLEY...
AND
AIR
WAVE,
MAGICIAN
OF RADIO,
IS READY
FOR
ACTION!
WITH
MAGNETIC
SHOES, HE
CLIMBS THE
METAL RAIN-
SPOUT TO A
ROOFTOP...

THAT CRY
SOUNDED
LIKE
TROUBLE!

SECONDS
LATER...

FIST COME,
FIST SERVED,
RAT!

AIR
WAVE!

HUH..?

DON'T RUN,
LEGS... THAT'S JUST
AIR WAVE BROAD-
CASTING HIS
VOICE TO
METAL BEHIND
YOU!

I CAN DO THE
SAME THING MY-
SELF! LISTEN...

GIVE UP, AIR
WAVE... WE GOT
YA COVERED!

WHAT..?

NICE WORK, BOYS, SNEAKING UP
BEHIND HIM WHILE HE WAS OFF-
GUARD! HE REALLY THOUGHT I
WAS BROADCASTING
MY VOICE!

PRESENTLY...

WE'RE LEAVING YOU THIS DYNAMITE, AIR WAVE... BUT WE'RE NOT SETTING IT OFF RIGHT NOW!

WELL WAIT UNTIL WE'RE AT A SAFE DISTANCE! HA! HA!

THEN WE'LL LIGHT THE FUSE WITH THAT RADIO HEATER! HAPPY LANDING, AIR WAVE!

MEANWHILE...

SO SOMEBODY IS STEALING ANOTHER ONE OF MY RADIO HEATERS! I MUST GET THEM BACK!

MOOCH LIKED THAT HEATER SO MUCH, HE SENT ME BACK FOR ANOTHER... WHO ARE YOU?

I OWN THOSE HEATERS, RAT!

...AND I'M HOLDING YOU TILL I GET THEM BACK!

AAAAOOO

BUT WHAT OF AIR WAVE? AS THE CROOKS LEAVE, THE WIZARD OF RADIO MANAGES TO SWITCH ON THE MAGNETS IN HIS SKATES, AND..

AH, IT'S WORKING! THE MAGNETIC POWER IN MY SKATES IS DRAWING THE GUN FROM HIS POCKET!



AFTER THE GUN REACHES HIS HAND...

THAT FREES MY ARMS! NOW TO REMOVE THAT DYNAMITE! THEN I'LL FIND OUT WHERE THOSE THUGS GOT THE RADIO HEATER THEY MENTIONED— AND MAYBE I CAN TRACE THEM THROUGH IT...



PRESENTLY AIR WAVE BROADCASTS AN URGENT MESSAGE TO ALL RADIO POLICE CARS...

AIR WAVE CALLING ALL POLICE CARS! HAS ANYBODY REPORTED A RADIO HEATER STOLEN...?

CALLING AIR WAVE.. JIMMY SANDS, 202 LOCUST STREET,

REPORTED RADIO HEATER STOLEN FROM HIS HOT DOG VENDING MACHINE..



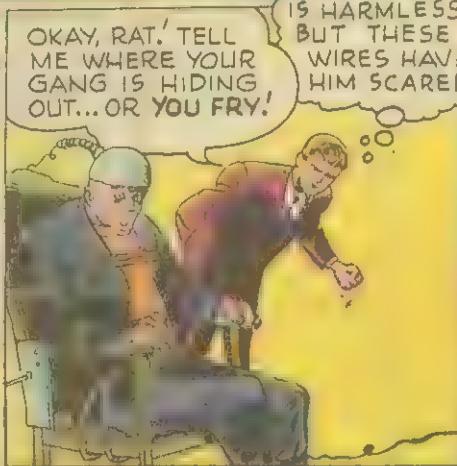
THEN AIR WAVE RADIOS INSTRUCTIONS TO JIMMY SANDS.. AND SOON A TERRIFIED CROOK THINKS HIS LAST HOUR IS HERE!

OKAY, RAT! TELL ME WHERE YOUR GANG IS HIDING OUT... OR YOU FRY!

THE CHAIR IS HARMLESS, BUT THESE WIRES HAVE HIM SCARED!

WON'T TALK, EH? START COOKING!

EEEHHH, I'M BURNIN'... STOP! I'LL SING!



SHORTLY, IN THE GANG'S HIDEOUT...

OKAY, BOYS... MY TURN TO TOSS DYNAMITE!

OOOFFF.. I QUIT!



AND SOON, RADIO-HEATED FRANKS GO ON SALE AGAIN...

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YOU USED A RADIO HEATER, JIMMY, BUT YOU WERE COOKING WITH GAS!



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in "The Egg and I"
ANDY DEVINE
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WILLIAM ELLIOTT
Republic Pictures' Star
PEGGY ANN GARNER
in 'Bob, Son of Battle'

HEDY LAMARR
in "Dishonored Lady"

FRED MacMURRAY
in "The Egg and I"

VIRGINIA MAYO
in "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty"

DENNIS MORGAN
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JANIS PAIGE
Warner Bros. Star

GEORGE SANDERS
in "Personal Column"

ZACHARY SCOTT
Warner Bros. Star

ALEXIS SMITH
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JANE WYMAN
Warner Bros. Star

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ORVAL GROVE
Chicago White Sox Pitcher

ADOLPH KIFFER
Record-Holding Swimmer

GEORGE McAFFEE
Halfback Chicago Bears

MIKE TRESH
Chicago White Sox Catcher

CHARLIE TRIPPI
All-American Halfback

TONY ZALE
World's Middleweight Champion

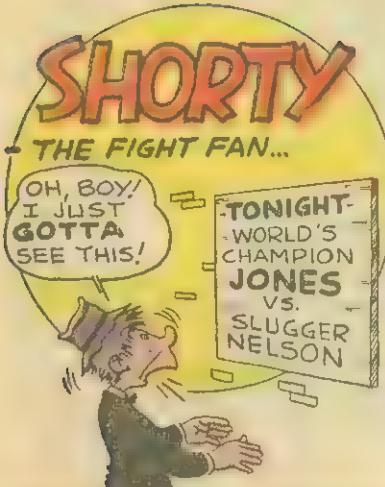
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"THE SUNSHINE CEREAL"





DETECTIVE COMICS



NOTHING TO LOSE

by Tex Blane

THROUGHOUT his incarceration, Big Timmy Mallon, the former pinball king, had kept a finger in the underworld pie. Big Timmy was doing a two to four year stretch and, being a smart man, had been on his good behavior from the day the big gates closed him in. As a result, his time had been considerably cut. He had only four more months to do.

But that was four months too long for the job his boys had lined up. The Mansfield Bank. A war-born town, Mansfield sailed right through the peace and into reconversion. Consequently, the Mansfield Bank was bulging with money. But the boys needed Big Timmy to run the job. And Big Timmy needed Mulqueen to help him.

"And it's a sweetheart of a layout for you to knock off, Mulqueen," Big Timmy said that afternoon in the prison courtyard to Ed Mulqueen. "You got nothing to lose."

Mulqueen looked at his prison mate thoughtfully. "What do you mean by that?"

"You're doing twenty to thirty years for bank robbery," Big Timmy said out of the corner of his mouth. He kept a cautious eye on the guards. "What would you say if I got you out of here? No, wait a minute. There's a condition."

Mulqueen's cold blue eyes looked at his prison mate. Always a lone wolf, Mulqueen had been one of the most daring robbers in banking history. He might still have been except for one little slip. "Think you can help me crash out, Timmy?"

Big Timmy winked. "All figured out. A cinch." He moved his head toward the back of a long, greystone building. "Isn't that your laundry truck coming in?"

"Yes." Mulqueen looked at the truck. He had the job loading it twice a week. His eyes glistened. He had heard before of Big Timmy's operations and he suspected that the racketeer was still ruling his mob from a prison cell. "I could be shot," he said. "What else is in it for me?"

"Twenty-five per cent of the take. My boys will help you."

Mulqueen's thin lips moved. "It's a deal."

He shrugged. "After all, as you say, I got nothing to lose." He moved toward the laundry truck as a guard called him to start unloading. Mulqueen felt confident Big Timmy would successfully execute his plan.

In that he wasn't mistaken. Ed Leamy, who headed the local division of the Central Investigation Bureau, the State FBI, was still talking about the escape five days later. "Only thing I can figure out," he told the FBI man assigned to help on the case, "is that Mulqueen must have had some outside help."

He was, of course, only partly right. The real help had come from the inside and, even as the conversation between the two law enforcement officers was going on, Big Timmy was mulling reports on Mulqueen's disappearance. He was enjoying the mystification of the cops. For he, Big Timmy, could put a finger on Mulqueen in a moment.

Big Timmy smiled to himself as he thought of the phrase. "Yeah, I can 'put a finger on him.' And I'm going to, soon as the job is done."

For a long time he had thought of how valuable an outlaw like Mulqueen might be to his organization. There was only one drawback; Mulqueen was trigger happy. He shot first and asked questions afterward. That was dangerous to a man with Big Timmy's talent for organization. Mulqueen would never follow orders. Except that in this case he had to. "With Shorty and Keister Louie helping Mulqueen," Big Timmy thought happily, "I've got nothing to lose."

It was a foolproof plan, timed to the split second as only Big Timmy could figure it. Mulqueen looked at the layout and admired it grudgingly. A lot had been done to him in five days, hair changed, and even his body had been made to appear stooped. The only thing that could give Mulqueen away were fingerprints. And he didn't intend to leave any of those.

A day earlier, he had met Shorty and Keister Louie in Mansfield, where they had obtained jobs working in the factory. That way they had been enabled to case the Mansfield Bank further.

"We'll pull the job at two minutes to twelve on Saturday," Shorty Canni said. "Every week they clean up the day's work at that time. And there's only one guard on the floor." He grinned. "The alarm won't go off, Mulqueen, because Louie and I are fixing that tonight."

Mulqueen nodded, studied Big Timmy's henchmen. Not too bright, he thought, but handy with a gun just in case they've been ordered to see that I don't get away with my twenty-five per cent." Big Timmy would have been astonished at such clairvoyance. He didn't know how thoroughly Mulqueen had studied Big Timmy's methods.

"The double-cross is in," Mulqueen told himself, "but he's not going to get away with it." With him, Mulqueen, out of the way, suspicion would never fall on Big Timmy's mobsters. Simple? That's the way gangland, particularly Big Timmy, worked.

That evening, Mulqueen concluded his own plans after Keister Louie and Shorty had gone to their rooms. Carefully, Mulqueen printed his letter, addressed it, and went out to the mailbox. He was smiling to himself as he returned. With any sort of luck, he'd be across the Mexican border in two days, with a satchelful of money.

It was precisely two minutes to twelve Saturday afternoon when a startled bank teller found himself looking into the barrel of a stub-nosed .38. He didn't argue with Mulqueen, nor did he attempt to ring the alarm again. As Shorty and Louie had said, the alarm wouldn't go off. They had traced and cut the wires. The small laxity on the part of the Mansfield Bank guard, in not checking the alarm system daily, had proven costly. The bank was minus a lot of money and the services of a teller with a bullet-shattered shoulder.

In the big sedan which raced out of town, Mulqueen sat easily in the back seat, puffing on a cigarette. The car was headed for a hideout in the hills. A jubilant Shorty and his confederate joined forces in praising Mulqueen. The latter said nothing. He still had a job to do. Before they got him, he intended to get Keister Louie and Shorty.

The chance came shortly after they holed up in the cabin. Again, Mulqueen wasted no time, in murder or in his getaway.

He was certain the car wouldn't be traced. The bank job had happened so swiftly that none had noticed the plates. They had been changed, too, and the bogus registration was in the glove compartment.

As Mulqueen had anticipated, none challenged him. Three days and two nights later, tired from a stretch of driving that only a desperate man could have survived, he gassed up at a local station. This was familiar terrain to him, though he had spent the war years in prison. Tonight he'd shack up in the hills, in his old cabin, and on the morrow finish the last leg of his journey to the border.

He smiled grimly to himself as he recalled how he had double-crossed Big Timmy by sending the latter a letter the Warden, who censored all mail, would open. It had been brief and to the point; Mulqueen's thanks to Big Timmy for helping him crash out. That would be enough to keep Big Timmy from getting Parole Board leniency.

Mulqueen toolled the big car expertly through the hills. Once, making a sharp turn, he almost struck a farmer, driving with his family toward town. The farmer shouted at him, but Mulqueen only grinned. No stopping him now!

He didn't even bother to look at the big, new sign on the road leading to his cabin. "I could find the place in the dark," he told himself.

He did, too. But then he stopped in consternation. Anger rose within him. Somebody had been there, in his years away, and what had been a cabin was now only a few logs hung precariously together! Nevertheless, it did offer some shelter, and would do for that night. But, for a moment, he was tempted to turn back, to try to make the border. But he was tired, sleepy. "If I could only get my hands on the guy who did this to my shack," he vowed, "I'd—" He shook his head. No use crowding his luck. Foolish to do anything now that would put the cops onto his trail.

Meanwhile, in town, the farmer whom Mulqueen had passed on the road, was perturbed. He said to his wife, "I hope that stranger turned around, Mildred, when he saw the sign."

His wife frowned. "Stop worrying, Si. Even a near blind man could see that sign the Army put up," she said. "Besides, everybody's been told about it in the newspapers and over the radio for a week now."

She could almost quote from memory the radio warning which the local station had broadcast all week—that the old abandoned cabin would be used tomorrow morning at dawn as a target to test a new Army gun.

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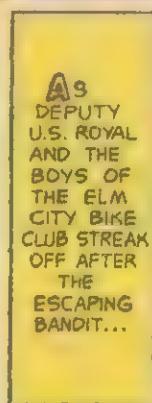
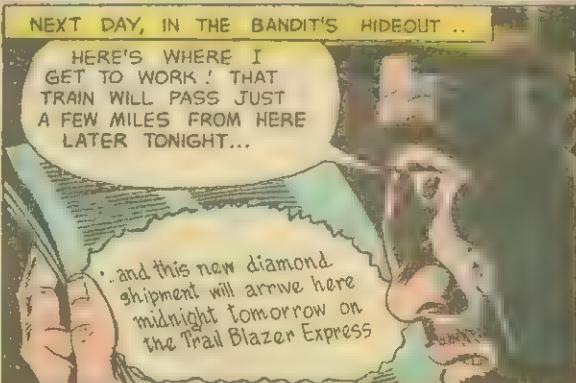
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SEPT. '48

"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE

TRAPPING A BANDIT



NEXT ISSUE:
RACING TO
THE RESCUE!

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

Serving Through Science

The

The BOY COMMANDOS



TO LIVE FOREVER IS SOMETHING THAT MEN, DOWN THROUGH THE AGES, HAVE ALWAYS WANTED TO DO! BUT SUPPOSING YOU COULD LIVE FOREVER? HOW WOULD YOU PLAN YOUR LIFE IF YOU FACED THIS POSSIBILITY? WITH THAT IN MIND, FOLLOW RIP CARTER AND HIS BOY COMMANDOS INTO ONE OF THE ODDEST ADVENTURES OF THEIR HECTIC CAREER, AS THEY TRAIL A MAN OF THE PAST INTO...

"NEVER-SAY-DIE LAND!"

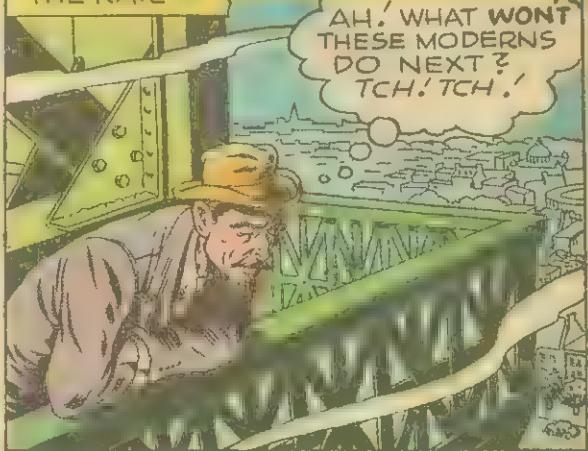
PARRIS! AND THE BOY COMMANDOS DINE ON THE SECOND LEVEL OF THE HISTORIC EIFFEL TOWER....

ORDER UP, BOYS!
IT'S GOOD FOOD
A LA FRANCAISE!

I DON'T
CARE WOT
IT IS —
JUST GIMME
FOOD!

SUDDENLY, ABOVE RIP AND THE BOYS,
AN ODD-LOOKING GENT LEANS OVER
THE RAIL —

AH! WHAT WONT
THESE MODERNS
DO NEXT?
TCH! TCH!

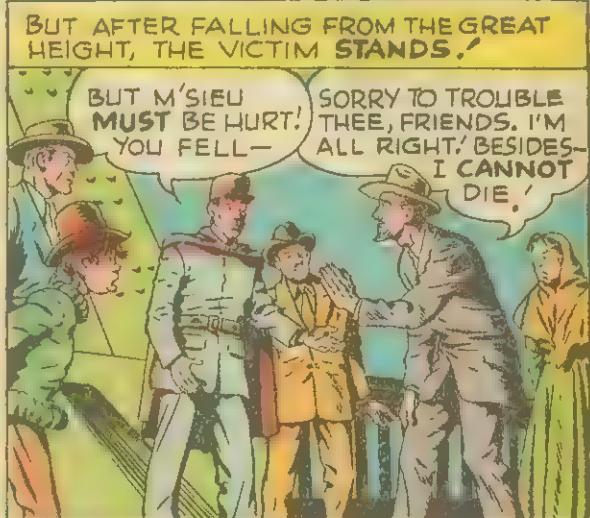


THEN, AS HORROR-STRICKEN
SPECTATORS GASP...

HE'S
FALLING!
EEEKK!

BUT AFTER FALLING FROM THE GREAT
HEIGHT, THE VICTIM STANDS!

BUT M'SIEU
MUST BE HURT!
YOU FELL —
SORRY TO TROUBLE
THEE, FRIENDS. I'M
ALL RIGHT! BESIDES—
I CANNOT
DIE!



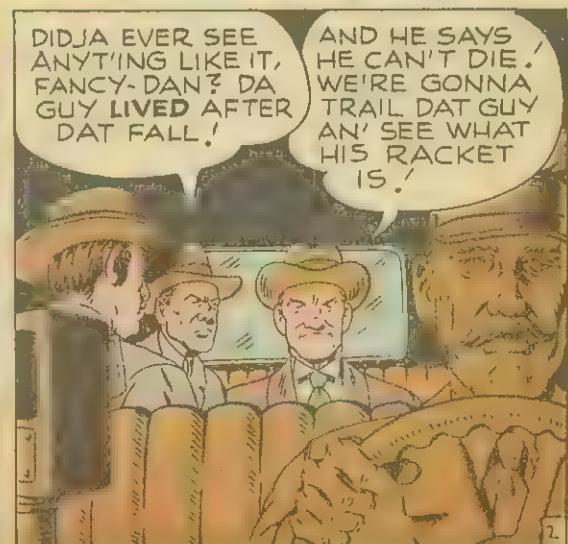
AS THE ODD STRANGER LEAVES, HE IS
FOLLOWED BY ONE OF THE DINERS—
FANCY-DAN SHANEY...

FOLLOW
THAT CAB!

OUI,
M'SIEU!

DIDJA EVER SEE
ANYT'ING LIKE IT,
FANCY-DAN? DA
GUY LIVED AFTER
DAT FALL!

AND HE SAYS
HE CAN'T DIE.
WE'RE GONNA
TRAIL DAT GUY
AN' SEE WHAT
HIS RACKET
IS!



BUT WHILE SHANEY FOLLOWS THE STRANGER... SURE, I GOT A GOOD LOOK AT HIM! IT'S FANCY-DAN, ALL RIGHT! HE'S FOLLOWING THAT ODD LITTLE CHAP! SO WE'RE FOLLOWING SHANEY!

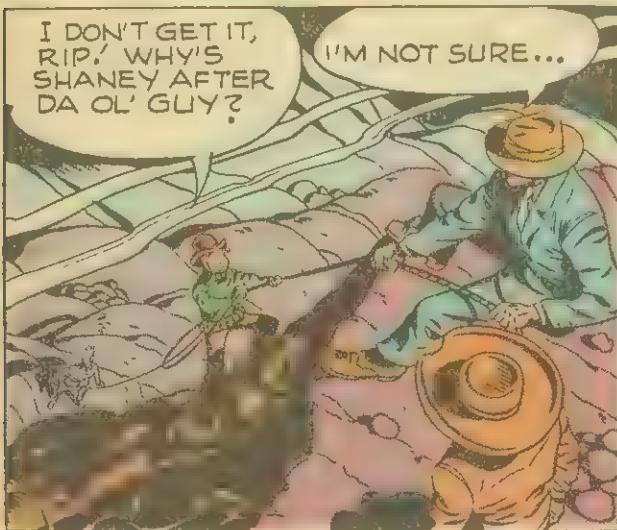


SO BEGINS A UNIQUE CHASE! IT LEADS OUT OF PARIS, INTO THE COUNTRY... TO A REMOTE SPOT DEEP IN THE MOUNTAINS, A REGION UNMARKED ON ANY MAP...



I DON'T GET IT, RIP! WHY'S SHANEY AFTER DA OL' GUY?

I'M NOT SURE...



...BUT FOR SOME REASON THAT OLD CHAP DIDN'T DIE FROM THAT FALL. MAYBE SHANEY WANTS TO FIND OUT HIS SECRET!

CHEE!
DAT'S RIGHT!
HE SAID HE
COULDN'T DIE!



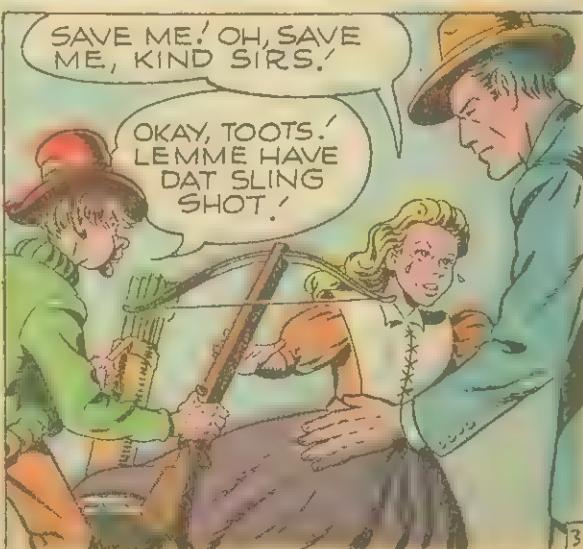
SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF THE FOREST...

LOOK, RIP! A GOIL-
RUNNIN' FROM A
BEAR!



SAVE ME! OH, SAVE
ME, KIND SIRS.

OKAY, TOOTS!
LEMME HAVE
DAT SLING
SHOT!



DETECTIVE COMICS

THEN—THE ATTACKER BECOMES
THE ATTACKED!

SLOW DOWN, YA FUR
COAT! COME BACK
AN' FIGHT LIKE
A MAN!

AND WHILE BROOKLYN FOLLOWS THE
BEAR...

LOOK, M'SIEU
RIP! A MOVIE
SET, NON?

AH, MY CHILD! THOU ART
SAFE! THANK
HEAVENS!

THOU ART KIND
AND BRAVE, SIR!
AND THOU HAST
SAVED MY
DAUGHTER'S LIFE!

BUT—WHO ARE YOU?
AND WHY—I MEAN—
YOUR CLOTHES—
THEY'RE 16TH
CENTURY FASHIONS!

IT IS A LONG
STORY, SIR! BUT
COME WITH ME...
AND I WILL TELL
THEE ALL!

TARNATION!
A TOWN UP
AHEAD! AND
WHAT A
TOWN!

AND THEY FOLLOW THEIR HOST INTO A
16TH CENTURY FRENCH HAMLET!

WELCOME, FRIENDS.

RIP!
HELP! DEY
LOCKED
ME UP!

WHEN THEY RUSH TO BROOKLYN'S
AID, THEY FIND...

WELL, WHAT'CHA
LAUGHIN' AT? GET ME
OUTA DIS CRAZY CLINK!

DETECTIVE COMICS



A MOMENT LATER...

OUR PEOPLE THOUGHT
HE WAS ONE OF THE
BAD STRANGERS WHO
CAME THROUGH A
WHILE AGO!

"BAD"
STRANGERS?
THEN SHANEY'S
HERE!

YES, FANCY-DAN'S IN TOWN—AND HOW!

WHAT A HAUL WE MADE! AND
NOT A GUN IN TOWN TO STOP US!

BUT RIP AND THE BOYS HAVE A
SURPRISE FOR FANCY-DAN!

HERE COME THE
COYOTES!

AND HERE WE
COME—JUMP,
FELLOWS!

YI!! IT'S
THE
COMMANDOS!

WHOOOA,
NELLIE!

I'LL
GET'CHA
FOR THIS,
CARTER.
OOOPS!

YOU DON'T
LOOK SO
FANCY
NOW, DAN!

AND BROOKLYN?

SPLAT!

OUCH!

DETECTIVE COMICS



THEN BROOKLYN STUMBLIES TO HIS FEET, DAZED...

OW! ME HEAD! DAT ALMOST KNOCKED ME OUT... WATER... A DRINK OF WATER WILL CLEAR ME HEAD...

SLURP SLURP!
AAAHH!
IT'S COLD...
I FEEL BETTER
ALREADY...

REFRESHED, BROOKLYN RACES TO JOIN THE FRAY.

WHERE'D DEY GO? LEMME AT 'EM!
IN THERE, FRIEND!

YE GLASS MAKER'S SHOPPE

AND, IN AN ODD AND ANCIENT SETTING...

A GLASS-BLOWING SHOP!
WOTTA SPOT FOR A FIGHT!
HERE, MAC, GIMME DAT
GLASS-BLOWER...

(PUFF PUFF-)
DIS'LL FIX 'EM!

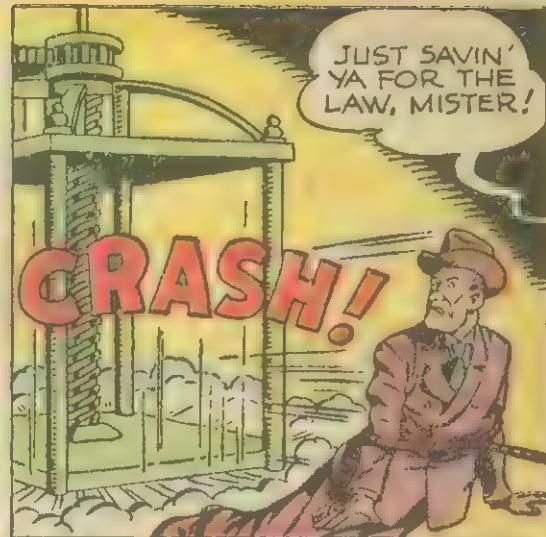
AS THE BUBBLE BURSTS, HOT GLASS
PEPPERS THE THUGS!

BINGO!

WHOOM!

OUTCH!
I'M SCALDED!
TOIN OFF DA HEAT!

FANCY-DAN, MEANWHILE, HAS FLED INTO A PRINT SHOP, FOLLOWED BY TEX—



AND AFTER SHANEY'S MOB IS LOCKED UP...

WAIT A MINNIT! ONE O'YER GUYS IS UNDER DA WHEELS! GET A DOC!

OH-HIM! HE'S ALL RIGHT, MY SON! HE'LL GET UP WHEN WE MOVE THE CARRIAGE!



YOU SEE—WE, HERE, ARE IMMORTAL! NONE OF US CAN DIE!

DIS IS WHERE I CAME IN!



BUT BEFORE I TELL THEE MORE, LET US OFFER THEE FRESH CLOTHES, AND OUR TAILOR WILL REPAIR THINE!

OH, BOY!
I'M GONNA BE SIR WALTER RALEIGH!

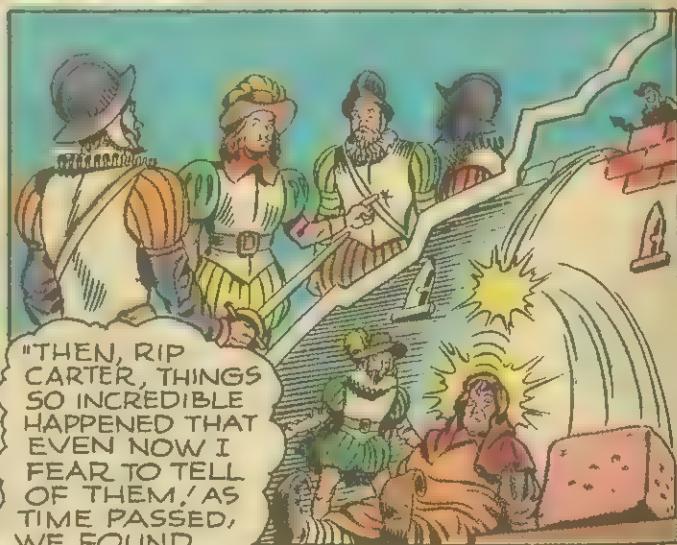
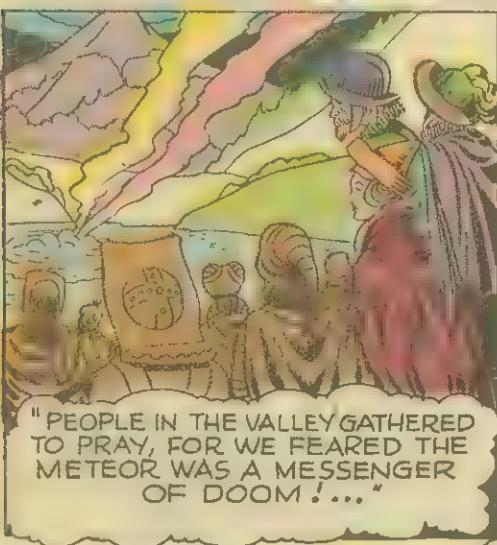
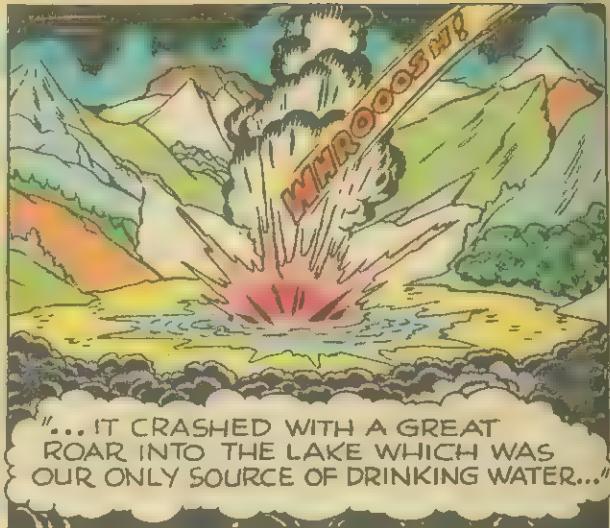
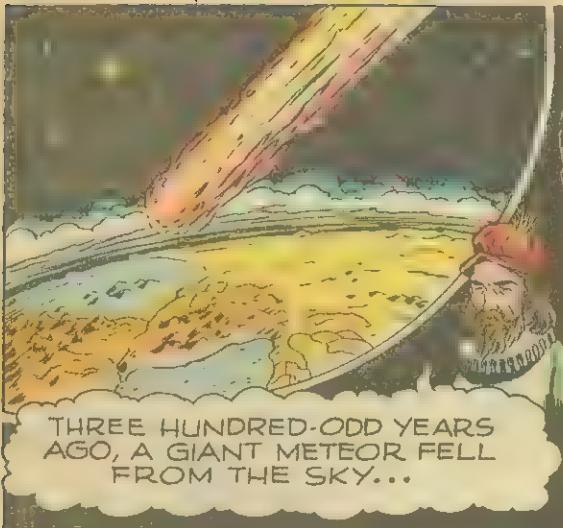


SHORTLY...

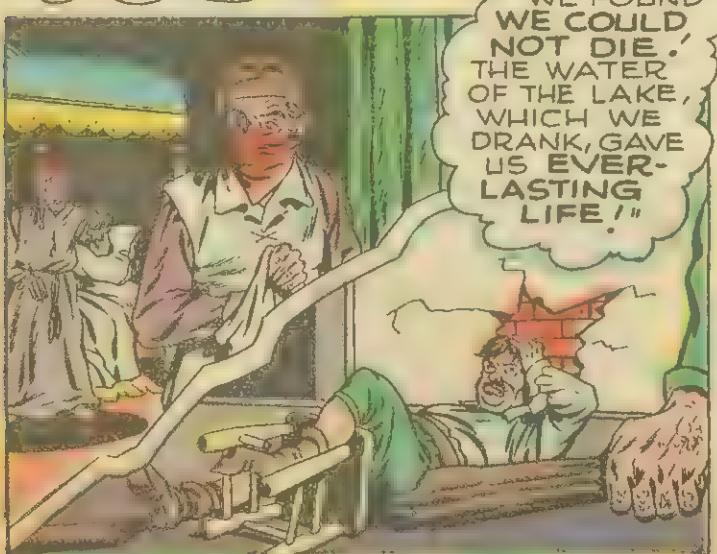
GET A LOAD O'
DIS,
FELLAS!

AND NOW, RIP CARTER—
HARK THEE TO A STORY UNKNOWN TO THY MODERN WORLD...



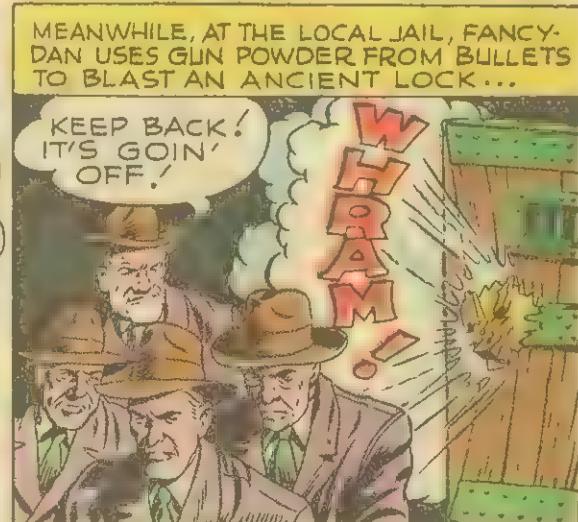
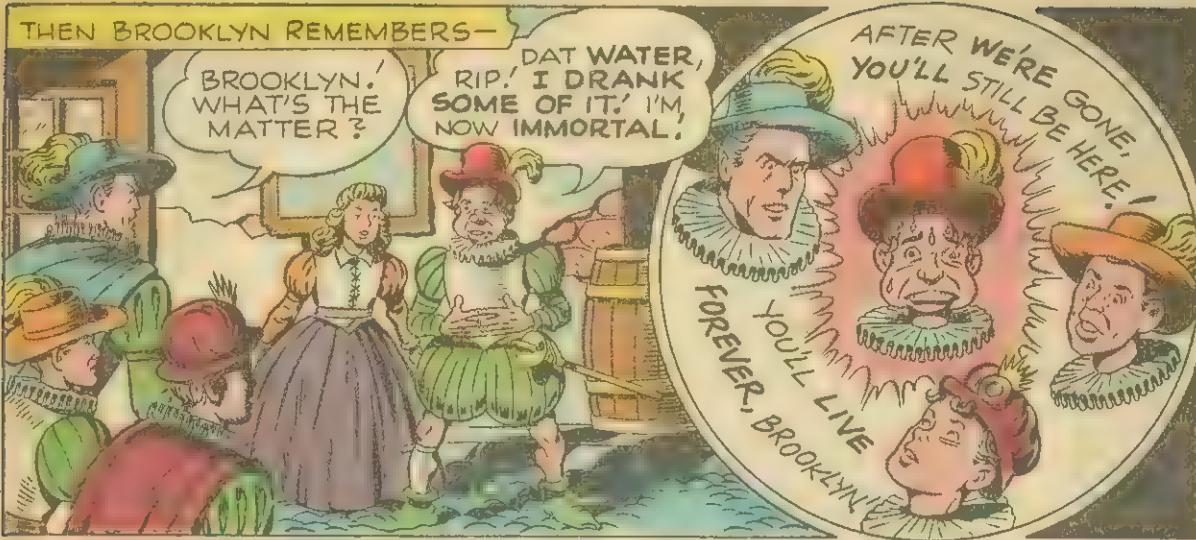


WE COULD NOT DIE. THE WATER OF THE LAKE, WHICH WE DRANK, GAVE US EVER-LASTING LIFE!"





DETECTIVE COMICS





NEWS OF THE DARING JAIL-BREAK REACHES RIP AND THE BOYS—AND THEY RACE FOR THE LAKE ...

SHANEY
WILL HEAD FOR THAT
WATER! WE'VE
GOT TO STOP
'EM, BOYS!

LEMME HANDLE
DIS, RIP—AFTER
ALL, DEY CAN'T
HOIT ME!

THE
COMMANDOS!
GET INTO THIS OLD
MILL! WE'LL FIGHT
'EM OFF FROM
HERE!

NO, FANCY-DAN!
NO WATER
TODAY! IT'S
A DRY WEEK!

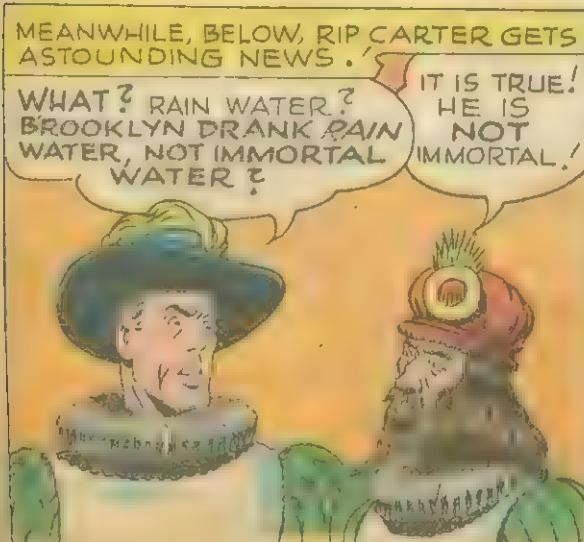
GET 'EM,
BOYS!

LOOK OUT! LEMME AT
'EM! REMEMBER —
DEY CAN'T HOIT
ME!

C'MON, YUH GORILLAS!
LET'S FIGHT LIKE MEN!
HO! WHO'S AFRAID O'
DAT SHANEY GANG!

DON'T
FALL OFF,
BROOKLYN!

WHO'S 'FRAID O' FALLIN'?
HA HA! I CAN'T DIE,
YA LUGS! C'MON, SHANEY!
FIGHT A CHAMPEEN!
HA HA!



THE THUG HURLS THE GRENADE... AND BROOKLYN DIVES AFTER IT!



THROW IT AWAY, BROOKLYN! DON'T HOLD IT!



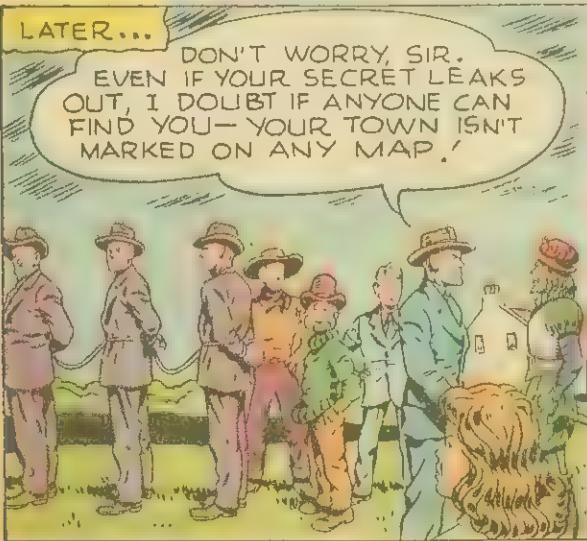
THEN...

WHILE TEX AND ANDRE ROUND UP SHANEY, I'LL REVIVE BROOKLYN! I'M AFRAID HE'S FAINTED!



LATER...

DON'T WORRY, SIR.
EVEN IF YOUR SECRET LEAKS OUT, I DOUBT IF ANYONE CAN FIND YOU—YOUR TOWN ISN'T MARKED ON ANY MAP!



THERE THEY GO—GONE FOREVER!

GOODBYE, BROOKLYN...
SNIFF, SNIFF!
HE'S SO CUTE!
BOO, HOO!



THE END

The Adventures of SAM SPADE

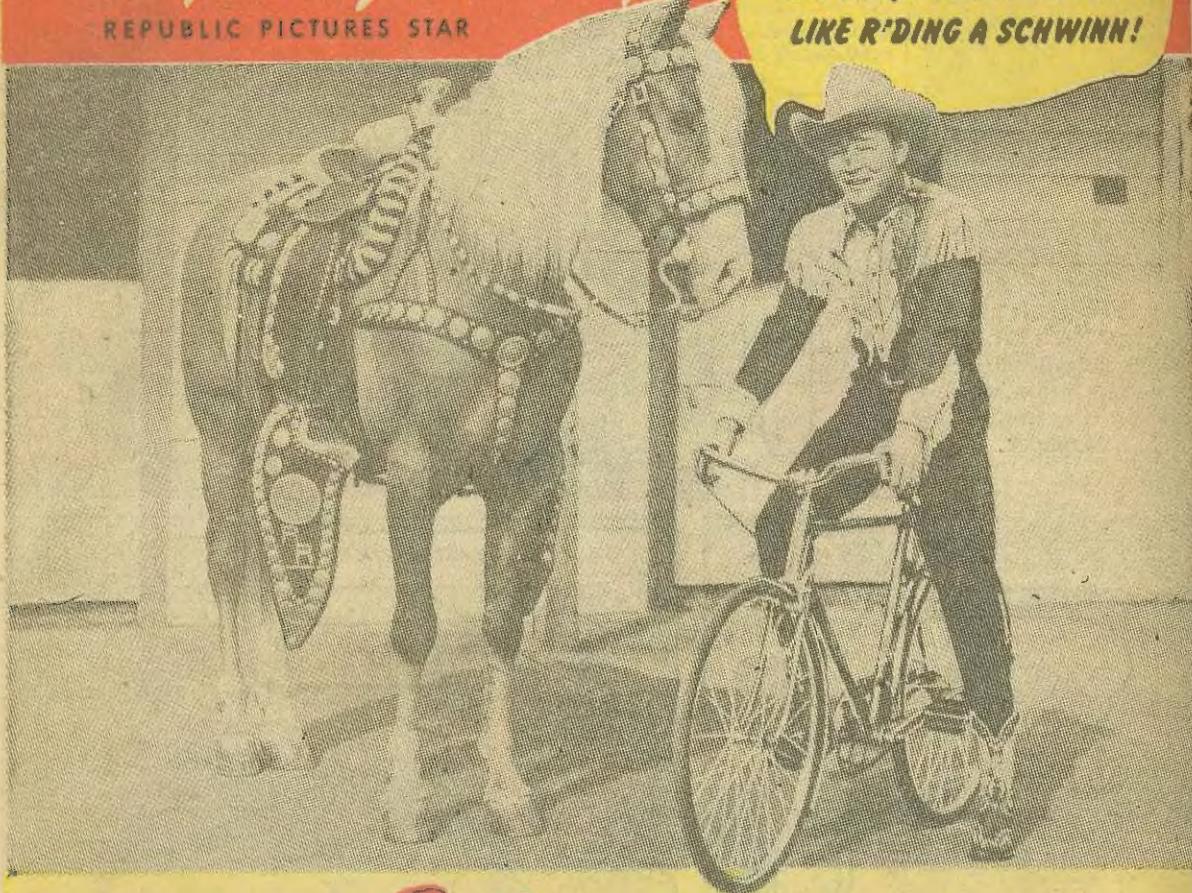
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Roy Rogers says-

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